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Where far along the desert sphere
Resounds no creature's call,
And undisturbing mortal ear
The avalanches fall ;

Where rushing from their snowy source
The daring torrents urge
Their loud-ton'd waters headlong course,
And lift their feather'd surge ;

Where swift the lines of light and shade
Flit o'er the lucid lake,
Or the shrill winds its breast invade,
And its green billows wake ;

Where on the slope with speckled dye
The pigmy birds I scan,
Or sooth'd, the scatter'd chalets spy,
The last abodes of man ;

Or where the flocks refuse to pass,
And the lone peasant mows,
Fix'd on his knees, the pendent grass
Which down the steep he throws ;

Or where the dangerous pathway leads
High o'er the gulph profound,
From whence the shrinking eye recedes,
Nor finds repose around ;

Where red the mountain-ash declines
Along the cleft rock,
Where firm the dark unbending pines
The howling tempest mock ;

Where level with the ice-ribbed bound,
The yellow harvests glow,
Or vales with purple vines are crown'd
Beneath impending snow ;

Where the rich minerals catch the ray,
With varying lustre bright,
And glittering fragments strew the way
With sparks of liquid light ;

Or where the moss forbears to creep
Where loftier summits rear
Their untr'd snows, and frozen steep
Locks all th' uncolour'd year ;

In every scene, where every hour
Sheds some terrific grace,
In nature's vast o'erwhelming power,
Thee, Thee, my God, I trace !

So let me in the moral scene
Thy hand directing see,

And midat its darkest tempests lean
With confidence on Thee !

'Midst earth's vain joys, or passing woes,
Alike in good or ill,
Be the first bliss my bosom knows
Submission to Thy will !

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Should the following lines have any
claim to insertion, by publishing them,
you will confer a lasting obligation upon
a friend and correspondent, who remains

Your most obedient servant,

J.M.

Belfast, Sept. 29th, 1814.

SEE the fierce war-horse bounding o'er
the plain,
Foaming with rage, the field of Mars to
gain ;
The clang of arms at distance far is heard,
But nought can e'er impress his heart with
dread.
Impetuous now, he hurries through the
plain,
Trampling with pride on heaps of fallen
slain,
Till stopt at last by death's terrific blow.
Among the prostrate he himself lies low.
With agonizing pang his heart now bleeds,
And now it is his utmost strength he
needs ;
But now it's vain, to death he must give
way,
For he has clos'd the warfare of a day ;
Now has he fallen never again to rise,
And death's long sleep for ever seals his
eyes :
So 'tis with man, by many passions driv'n,
Not to be stopp'd, though by the voice of
heav'n,
He headlong flies to folly's fatal crime,
Nor thinks of ruin'd health, nor mispent
time,
Until, in misery's gulph entomb'd he
lies,
By all forgotten, he unpitied dies.